

Among the Apple Trees

A Story of Farm Life

By CLIFFORD V. GREGORY

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CHAPTER III.

THE girls eagerly read over the books and bulletins Mr. Pearson had lent them, and cover crops, cultivation and Bordeaux mixture were their chief topics of conversation. As soon as the ground was in shape in the spring they plowed it and harrowed it until it was reduced to a fairly fine condition, certainly better than anything it had known since it was first set out. The trees blossomed freely, and the orchard with its waving sea of pink flowers was an inspiration to the girls, for it held the promise of a bountiful harvest to come. As soon as the blossoms closed the girls set to work to spray the trees. They were hard at work one day mixing a barrel of Bordeaux mixture when they were startled by the sound of an automobile coming up the driveway.

"It's Harold and Beth!" cried Mabel. "Oh, what'll we do?" She looked down at her spattered dress in dismay. "You might dive into the barrel," said Gladys ironically as she poured in another pail of water. "I'm not afraid of the Du Vals even if they have got an automobile."

The car was close upon them by this time. Harold brought it to a stop with a jerk and leaped lightly to the ground. He lifted his hat as he advanced toward the girls and held out his hand. If he was in any way surprised at their appearance or occupation a slight lifting of the eyebrows was the only manifestation of it. Harold Du Val prided himself upon his ability to maintain his composure under the most trying circumstances. Mabel's face was red as she returned his greeting, and she hurried over to the car to hide her confusion.

Beth greeted her effusively. "I'm so glad to see you!" she cried. "We were out trying our new car, and I made Harry come around this way. We hardly ever see you any more since you left school."

"We don't get to town very often," replied Mabel, who had not yet quite recovered from her confusion. "Never mind your dress," said Beth, quickly guessing the cause of her embarrassment. "I wish I lived in the country and could wear old clothes. But what in the world are you doing, anyway?"

The same question had evidently just occurred to Harold. "Just mixing up swill for the pigs, are you?" he inquired in his most polite accents, indicating the barrel with a sweep of his hand.

Gladys laughed outright. "I'm afraid the pigs would be rather blue after a dose of that," she replied.

"Well, what is it, then?" persisted Harold.

"It's Bordeaux mixture, if you must know. We are going to spray the apple trees to kill the bugs."

"Rather hard on the bugs, I should say," Harold remarked as he leaned over to brush a speck of dust from one



GLADYS WAVED HER HANDKERCHIEF AT HIM.

of his tan oxfords. "But, say, when did you start in the horticultural business, anyway?"

"We've just started," she answered as she filled a pail with water and poured it into the barrel.

"Aren't you afraid you'll spoil your complexion?" Harold asked teasingly as the mixture splashed up into her face.

She shook her head as she wiped a spattering drop from her nose. "I don't know that Bordeaux mixture is any worse for my complexion than talcum powder would be," she said.

"You are certainly an attractive advertisement for the Bordeaux mixture," Harold answered.

Gladys did look charming as she stood there in her spattered dress, with her unruly hair blowing across her face—she never could keep those stray locks where they belonged—and the rose hue of her cheeks looking all the rosier in contrast to the spots of lime on her nose.

"I thought you had outgrown those

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foolish speeches," she said reprovingly as she turned to the tank for another bucket of water.

"Oh, I say!" cried Harold. "Can't you come for a little auto ride? Let the bugs enjoy life a little longer—just to please me," he persisted coaxingly as Gladys hesitated. The comically pleading look in his brown eyes was irresistible.

"I really ought not to go," she said, "but I would like an auto ride. I guess we can go for just a little while, can't we, Mabel?"

"If we can have time to put on clean aprons and wash our faces first," Mabel answered.

"Yes, we'll wait," Harold answered, "though clean dresses can't make you look any prettier than you do just now."

Mabel made up a little face at him as she turned toward the house. "If you're going to talk like that I won't go," she called back over her shoulder.

In a few moments they reappeared, looking as fresh and dainty as though they had never held a spray nozzle or a plow handle. By skillful maneuvering Harold relegated Beth and Mabel to the back seat and helped Gladys up in front.

"Now for a spin!" he cried as he seated himself beside her and pulled back the starting lever. The machine bounded forward. Gladys clung to the seat, her eyes shining with the exhilaration of the swift motion.

"Isn't it glorious?" Harold cried as he increased the speed to a still faster gait.

Mile after mile was quickly covered by the tireless machine and they were almost to town when Harold finally turned around and started back at a somewhat slower pace.

"We went so fast that I was almost lost," confessed Mabel. "That's Pearson's just ahead, isn't it?"

Gladys nodded. "And there's Jeff over in the field plowing," she said. She leaned out and waved her handkerchief at him.

He waved his whip in dazed surprise and stood watching the automobile until it was out of sight. He paid so little attention to his plowing the rest of the afternoon that the patient horses turned to look inquiringly at him now and then as if to ask what the matter was. But Jeff was thinking, and his train of thought, though by no means comparable in speed to a fast mail, had all the ponderous inertia of a double headed time freight.

By the time he had finished milking he had come to a conclusion. "I'm going to do it," he said half aloud, slapping his knee. "I'll beat that stuck up Du Val yet." And he went into the house and wrote to an automobile company for prices.

But if Jeff had known the trend of the conversation in the touring car he might have been better satisfied with everything in general and with one or two things in particular.

"Who is that fellow?" inquired Harold as they passed Jeff.

"That's Jeff Pearson, one of my best friends," promptly replied Gladys.

"So you like plowboys, do you?" Harold asked, with a quizzical smile. "I like any one who has ambition enough to do something," Gladys returned. "Did you ever do any work in your life?"

Again Harold smiled that exasperating smile, though it was a trifle less self content this time. "What's the

use?" he inquired. "Father's got plenty of money."

"If I were a boy," the cold contempt in Gladys' voice jarred Harold out of his accustomed self assurance. "I'd be ashamed to have no ambition but to spend my father's money. You don't have to work for a living, but the very fact that you don't makes it possible for you to accomplish much greater things."

"I don't think you're hardly fair," Harold answered. "I'll probably settle down and go to work at something after awhile."

"Probably?" cried Gladys. "What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied. "I suppose father will find me something."

"That's it—father, father, all the time. Why don't you learn to depend on yourself a little? Why don't you go to college and learn something and then start out for yourself and do something?"

Harold gave the lever a vicious jerk by way of reply, and neither of them said anything more until they reached home.

"Thank you ever so much for the ride," said Mabel as she stood leaning on the gate.

"Thank you ever so much for going," replied Harold. "And you, too," he added, turning to Gladys. "And the lecture—I'm afraid thanks won't pay for that."

"Indeed they won't," she answered. "The only thing that will pay for that is to see it have some effect, and I guess there isn't much hope of that."

"Thank you anyway, Miss Icebox," he said, with his old self confident smile, as he started the machine. "Goodby."

"Goodby," answered Mabel. "Come again."

"And come in and see us," cried both over the back of the car.

To be continued.

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Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve for anything but the eyes. It is a speedy and harmless cure for granulated lids, scrofulous sore eyes, styes, weak eyes and dimness of vision. Sold everywhere 25c.

Sweet Springs Chautauqua

The Sweet Springs Chautauqua closed Sunday evening after a ten days session which was generally considered a satisfactory one. On account of the busy season, there was not a large attendance from the country, but the town people took advantage of the fine program. Ye editor had the pleasure of attending Sunday and while there we were very hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Carmean, of north of town.

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County News

From Our Exchanges

SWEET SPRINGS

Clyde Williams, Mo-Pac. Agent at Naptonville, formerly operator at this point, was here a day or two this week with his friends. Archie Dankenbring of South Dakota, is here this week with his parents, A. H. Dankenbring and wife. Frederick Fulkerson, of Old Mexico, came in one day last week and went out to Salt Springs to visit Elijah Fulkerson.—Herald.

Active at 87

This would be unusual news if men and women would keep themselves free from rheumatism and all aches and pains as well as keeping their muscles and joints limber with Ballard's Snow Liniment. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

BLACKBURN

Ramey-Browning

Wednesday afternoon Miss Edna Browning and Ernest L. Ramey drove to Sweet Springs to the residence of Elder G. E. Shanklin and were married.

They returned to Blackburn last Thursday evening and immediately went to housekeeping in the residence which the groom had built and furnished at the southwest corner of Main and Hancock streets.

The bride is the oldest daughter of J. W. Browning, and having been raised here has many friends who wish her much happiness. She is a very sweet, womanly person and will undoubtedly make her chosen partner an admirable wife.

The groom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Ramey and was born and raised just south of Blackburn. He has many friends made by his manliness and honesty. Blackburn Record.

W. P. Logsdon barn burned Wednesday morning about 7 o'clock. The barn was full of baled hay. Mr. Logsdon thinks that it was spontaneous combustion that caused the fire. He had insurance on the barn, but we could not learn whether he had any on the hay.

Mrs. T. W. Blackford, daughter, Mrs. Brighton, and son, William, went to Kansas City Monday morning. Mrs. Blackford was examined by a physician there who says she has a cancer and that it would do no good to perform an operation, and they returned home Wednesday evening.

Miss Nell Curtis who had been the guest of Miss Artie Harold at Marshall for several days came home last Thursday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. George H. Meyer announce the birth of a daughter Sunday, July 24, 1910. The mother and baby are doing nicely, but we have small hopes for the recovery of the father from last reports. —Blackburn Record.

Disagreeable at Home

Lots of men and women who are agreeable with others get "cranky" at home. Its not disposition, it's the liver. If you find in yourself that you feel cross around the house, little things worry you, just buy a bottle of Ballard's Herbine and put your liver in shape. You and everybody around you will feel better for it. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

NELSON

A colored lady had a miraculous escape from serious injury Saturday night when in backing the buggy near Blackwater to enable Chas. Murphy and Frank Marr to pass. The woman's escort misjudged the position of the buggy and backed the bridge to the rocks several feet below. The accident happened at sundown at the north end of the bridge and the woman was extricated uninjured, although badly scared. —P. C. Bush sold his 192 acre farm five miles to the north west for \$15,500 also his 35 acre track just south of town for \$1,500 a total of \$17,000 to a gentleman in Adams Kansas, Wednesday. —J. M. McClelland moved his barber shop from the old stand next to the postoffice which he had occupied for years to his new quarters Tuesday afternoon. —Mrs. John Thomas went to Stanhope on Thursday to visit her daughter, Mrs. Drinkard. —Mrs. Jesse Scott and son of Koping is visiting her mother at Malta Bend. —Advance.

A Clean Salve

In desirable, Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve is a creamy snow white ointment and guaranteed for all skin diseases, such as eczema, salt rheum, chaps, etc. 25c.

Are Doctors Any Good?

Foolish question! Yet some people act as if a medicine could take the place of a doctor! The best medicine in the world cannot do this. Have a family doctor, consult him frequently, trust him fully. If we did not believe doctors endorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds, we would not offer it to you. Ask your doctor. No alcohol in this cough medicine. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

If we did not believe doctors endorsed Ayer's Pills for constipation, biliousness, sick-headache, we would not offer them to you. Ask your own doctor about this.

BLACKWATER

J. F. Woolery and wife returned from Saline county Wednesday where they had been to see their daughter, Mrs. Ed Bradshaw, who burned herself while making jelly. She was burned on the hand and arm, but the doctor thought she would get along all right unless blood poison should set up.—News.

Croup

People with children should keep a bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey on hand at all times. Croup is worse at night when it is sometimes hard to get a physician. Look for the bell on the bottle.

Stricken at a Funeral

Holden, Mo., July 25.—While a pall bearer at the funeral of Frank O. Brown here this afternoon, Charles Blum was stricken with apoplexy and died soon after arriving at his home. Mr. Blum was 72 years old and had lived in Holden for forty years. He was in the grain and grocery business. He was a native of Germany. Ten children survive.

A Cold

Is not necessarily serious, provided it is taken care of. It is frequently the starting point of many dangerous diseases. When it comes use Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. Look for the bell on the bottle.

Aeroplane Ruined by Storm

St. Louis, Mo., July 25.—Seven aeroplanes valued at \$25,000 were wrecked in a tornado on the Aero Club of St. Louis aviation field at Washington Park, Ill., tonight. The planes, including the Farman biplane of C. W. Curzon, were housed in a three-pole circus tent. When the wind came the big poles snapped and the wreckage fell on the planes. There is not enough left of any one of them to repair, except the motors, which are believed to be intact.

The storm came just after Howard W. Gill and Hillery Beachey had made flights in the former's biplane. It was the only machine on the field saved, it being housed in a shed. Besides Curzon's, the planes of the following are in the wreckage, J. N. Sparling, two; C. Kuhmu, Claude Harris, H. A. Robinson and C. F. Zehler.

Presidents Helps Orphans

Hundreds of orphans have been helped by the President of the Industrial and Orphan's Home at Macon, Ga., who writes: "We have used Electric Bitters in this Institution for nine years. It has proved a most excellent medicine for Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. We regard it as one of the best family medicines on earth." It invigorates all vital organs, purifies the blood, aids digestion, creates appetite. To strengthen and build up pale, thin weak children or rundown people it has no equal. Best for female complaints. Only 50c at P. H. Franklin's.

The Value of Eyesight

One of the live questions under discussion at present in medical and in legal circles is the economic valuation of vision. This question has been brought forcibly to mind within a few days, not only by the results of the ordinary run of ocular accidents, but from the occurrence of several suicides, the cause of which was, in each case, alleged to be the choice of death to blindness. One of these occurred in a workman of Italian descent in Racine, Wis., and two others in Vienna, Austria, one being a Hungarian woman and the other an Austrian judge; the latter one of the most prominent members of the high court of Austria. The three cases being typical of several classes. On account of the great danger of mental depression with suicidal tendency, it behooves us to be "guarded" in our opinions given directly to patients as to prospects of total blindness.

The United States Bureau of Pensions allows full disability for the loss of both eyes. Most of the accident insurance companies allow full annuities or the full amount of death limit of the policy. The German insurance office allows full disability. In suits

for damages claimed and allowed in the United States greater sums are given for complete blindness resulting from accident than for the loss of life; hence, it is a generally accepted fact that eyesight is of more value than life itself. Accidents to the eyes incurring subsequent loss of vision, ranging from complete disability to those of comparatively trivial nature, have certainly an influence upon the earning ability of the individual, and in the several books and essays written by Magnus, Helmholtz, Haddes and other German writers and by Hansell and Wurde mann in America, the above facts are plainly stated.—Ophthalmic Record.

Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve

Is a creamy snow white ointment put up in air tight screw cap tubes. Will cure any case of sore eyes and will not injure eyes of a babe. Sold everywhere 25c.

GILLIAM

Eunice Williams was in town the first of the week making arrangements to have his goods removed to Marshall, where he is running the mill. Eunice says he likes his new location fine.—Rev. Fred Leimbrock and wife of California, who have been the guests of relatives in this community for several weeks, left Monday morning in company with Mrs. Oscar Leimbrock for a visit in Alma.—The visitors in Schellenberg's Park were treated to something very rare Sunday afternoon. As the Red Flyer was coming up the hill a rooster got into its way and the consequences were that the train struck him. Feathers were seen flying in all directions and all expected to find a dead chicken. But after the train had passed by the rooster stood up and stretched and walked toward the crowd. He was not hurt in the least, except that he had lost nearly all of his feathers.—Globe.

The Gentle Cow

The dairy cow, if able to express herself in a way which the human family would comprehend, might well lay claim to being man's best friend. She might establish such a claim by calling attention to the fact that from her product and from her carcass man manufactures more of the necessities of life than from any other similar source. She furnishes these necessities to him from infancy until such a time as temporal things are no longer associated with his existence and she does it ungrudgingly and constantly.

In addition to contributing to man's necessity and his pleasure, the prosperity of an agricultural community is more closely identified with her than with any other of the domestic animals. The horse is quite essential in tilling the soil, but where necessity requires it the sturdy son of the cow can take his place as he has done in every agricultural section on earth. The horse can only return a profit to his owner when conditions are right for returning satisfactory grain crops. It is a well known fact that the dairy cow is the salvation of the farmer in times of poor crops as she is able to convert the rough crops which are never a total failure, into dairy products which have a cash value.

In addition to this she furnishes skim milk and butter milk for the calves, pigs and poultry and fertility for the soil, without which a farm becomes less valuable each year and the whole country less prosperous.

The elimination of the dairy cow would necessitate an almost revolutionary readjustment of man's tastes and requirements. It would mean untold suffering and hardship. Of course she will not be dispensed with but her value can perhaps best be appreciated by contemplating such a loss.

She will continue to be man's best friend as long as the human family exists and will keep on supplying him with his greatest needs just as she has done through all the ages.

Fred Stockman was down from Malta Bend Tuesday. He says he will have a sale of his household furniture on Aug. 20th at his home.